

Zer0theCrux

"Come on. I wanna see."

"What? What are you – Lukas–"

Above him the black-furred wolf gripped a paw against his chest, dark fur there still damp and dripping, and turned his head to glance back around the corner. Even from here the otter on his knees could hear the sounds of the other students, few as they were on this night so close to finals season. A benefit of having a dedicated swim team on campus – he had considered trying out for it his freshman year, but had decided against it before the semester started – was the sizeable building containing all manner of pools both indoor and outdoor here at the edge of the campus grounds. Three separate pools in here, with the two smaller ones at the sides for focused training, and then even a hot tub... and then this space out around the side and behind the seating, just next to the maintenance door set into the tiled wall.

"Come *on*. It'll be quick." The otter came forward again, touching his nose into the cool, wet material of the wolf's swim trunks, right there in front beneath the waistband. There was the grip and tug of the polyester blend against the skin of his nose, the friction of wet fabric on wet fur, and then of course the wolf's own hold at his waistband, keeping him from tugging those trunks any further down than he already had. A thick puff of dark pubic fur poked up from the center of the waist. "Please?"

Emerald-green eyes flashed down at him for a moment. Lukas grinned through his own dripping fur: no matter what Kai ended up saying, he could tell that he had already thought about and considered it, based on the slight change in scent wafting out from inside this pouch of fabric, and the strain and twitch in the bulge beneath. The otter leaned in again and ran his nose up along the exterior of that bulge, holding firmly enough until the humid heat began to simmer through.

Then, with one more glance over his shoulder – there were maybe five other students spread out across the pools; Lukas hadn't been paying attention too closely – Kai rolled his eyes, sighed, and slid his paw in towards the front of his trunks, tied strings swaying with the movement... then hooked his thumb around the elastic and tugged down in one quick, decisive movement. And in that moment Lukas sat back on his ankles, licked his lips, and rumbled softly in his throat, looking over the bounty that the wolf had revealed to him.

Beneath and within that curled bush of dark pubic hung Kai's shaft, heavy and *thick*, before his similarly furred sack down beneath. This had pulled up a bit towards his body in the chill after the two had left the pool, but the otter's breath curling forward and down around his balls made them shift and slip down a little bit further – then even more so when he closed the distance and pursed his lips between them, drawing in the scent of lupine musk managing to cut over and through the sharper touch of chlorinated water.

Lukas shifted where he knelt, just so he could lift up a little bit further. The sheer plump *heat* of Kai's shaft rested across his cheek and burned into place there, quickly tightening his own trunks and drawing him in closer, further, deeper, so he half-closed his eyes and nuzzled up and underneath it, lips pursed but tongue still held at bay. That would come into play later: still pulling that scent in and letting it simmer and sizzle in the back of his nose and lungs, he turned his gaze, looked over – and watched as

the rim of the wolf's foreskin, halfway drawn over the head of his length, shifted and pulled up with the movement, then slid back into its natural position.

What a *fantastic* look, and as Lukas came towards his head he lifted up, turned, and brought a paw up just to roll that supple lip of skin back further, drawing back over the warm, slightly moist flesh underneath. Once more he looked up to Kai's muzzle – the wolf was now focused solely on him, eyes half-lidded and mouth partially open – then planted a gentle kiss to the tip of his length, nose positioned right behind where his foreskin naturally rested. There the scent sharpened and deepened all at once, widening into something higher and fuller, savory, with a bite of bite behind it, chlorinated musk giving way to pure, undiluted wolf... Lukas closed his eyes, slid Kai's skin all the way forward along his head – or at least as far as he could bring it; just barely halfway hard like this, the wolf didn't manage full coverage – and rolled it between his fingers there, slick and supple, malleable and *smooth*.

Kai's hips gave a little buck and twitch, soon followed by a palpable throb arcing through his length and atop the otter's lips. "Lukas..."

But the otter was too enthralled by now, muzzle angled down and lips resting right along the ridged rim there. If he tilted his head slowly, gently back and forth right at the edge, right where smooth skin gave way to soft flesh, he could draw deliberate, steady twitches and throbs from the wolf leaning against the wall in front of him. The part he loved the most of this was that each time Kai grunted and twitched, pulses of arousal and energy arcing through him, resulted in that lip of skin swelling, tugging back a bit, then rolling gently forward a little bit, though never enough to cover the distance from his growing arousal. Again and again it went, even as Lukas nipped that ridge of skin between his lips and gently tugged, warm musk wafting around his muzzle and filling his head – until Kai pulled in a sigh, released a breathy moan, and rested a paw between the otter's ears, pulling his nose down into place at the base of his now fully-hard shaft, twitching against his cheek.

Lukas looked to the side from where he was buried, the wolf's foreskin drawn back behind the rim of his head now with his full arousal, swim trunks resting halfway down his thighs. The otter nuzzled into place there and with his other paw, two fingers and a thumb, dragged that slick skin halfway up again, and watched in pleasure as it just slid smoothly back down into place, then did so again and again at each subsequent movement. He looked up to the wolf again, the grip on his head receding just enough so he could come back and rest his lips along the underside there.

He made sure to position himself *perfectly*, right where the tight span of skin along the underside came up and forward, and let his tongue dance across that center point. Kai gritted his teeth again and thumped his head back against the wall. Lukas smirked.

"So, what, do we still not have enough time...?"

The wolf didn't even look around the corner at the others this time. Instead of gripping Lukas's head, though, he reached down, wrapped a forefinger and thumb around the base of his shaft, and tapped it against the otter's lips.

"You said it'd be quick," Kai rumbled, and this time gave himself a slow, steady stroke, wrinkled ridge of his foreskin curling up against the otter's nose before drawing down again. "So that's what I'm waiting for. Make it quick."

Sunkawakan

The striped hyena spreads his legs around my head, one of them draped up over my shoulder, and with that little movement tugs me right back in towards where he sits at the edge of the seat. He shifts in place, grinding himself against my nose and snout, and reaches nonchalantly down just to flip his soft shaft across my nose, meat first and then loose skin swinging a fraction of a second later. I can't help but focus on it there in my field of view: the shape of the head just barely visible within its sleek wrapping, the lines of veins visible within the skin, and then of course the supple overhang, tapering in towards a wrinkled tip... I swallow again, sigh, and lift my nose up underneath his head, farther and farther until he slips down along my lips, overhang brushing across my nose a second later and then flopping free.

"Yeah," he says above me, voice muffled by the desk between me and him – I have to keep my head lowered a bit further than usual thanks to draconic horns, but I can still make do. Shekh scoots forward in the chair and rests his other paw back on the keyboard; I shift back a bit to give him room, then bring up my own hand to slip him back into his proper place. "Yeah, I'm here. Server up? We good to go?"

There's a bit of grip and resistance when I roll his foreskin back, far enough to reveal his head without actually retracting it at all. His musk wafts up and over me as soon as I do so, smooth skin giving way to slightly slick, humid pink flesh inside; I swallow yet again and then lean forward to purse my lips against the parted rim of his foreskin, wrinkled and overlapping, then roll it forward again. His leg hooked over my shoulder gives another kick and I hear a gentle hitch in his voice, briefly interrupting whatever he's saying to his friend online, and then he shivers and pushes his hips forward – which presses his hidden head up against my pursed lips, that same supple rim curling up and over towards my nose.

At this point all I can smell is *him*, hyena musk low and rich and intoxicating. I close my eyes and remain there for a moment just gently, blindly mouthing inside his foreskin, my tongue soon flicking out to press and poke and slip between hood and head. As I do so I can *feel* the skin sticking to and then pulling away from the sensitive surface beneath, all of this not quite liquid musk caught and trapped throughout the day, gentle yet still present.

I pinch my lips along his foreskin again and again, drawing it gradually further into my mouth as well as around my tongue as it goes. Such a sensation, being able to clamp my lips around him and draw in, with that skin stretching and shifting only to roll slowly back towards its original spot... I close my eyes and slide my other hand down between my legs to do the same to myself, my own overhang pinched between a forefinger and thumb and rolling back and forth, back and forth. I have enough that I can squeeze the lips of the rim together and tug back and forth, just as I do with Shekh's when I slide back again.

"...Yeah," he says into his headset mic, "I'm here. Sorry. Was just getting, ah – a bit of lag. What's the – plan for today?"

When I slip fully back off of his shaft to take a moment to catch my breath, his now fully hard cock bounces and swings in the air in front of his chair. That sleek skin now glistens with hungry saliva, and while "overhang" might be a little too gracious, like this he still has full coverage, complete with a little pinched, wrinkled blossom at the end.

I just can't resist. I lean in once more, nip that slight protrusion between my lips, then slip up and over – and roll it back across his head, the heat of his arousal twitching and shivering up and into my maw. He

shudders again and sighs, and I feel his legs drift apart around my head, but by now my eyes are closed and I'm caught up in running my own back and forth, back and forth while doing the same to him, tongue gently caressing and flicking at all the hidden sensitive spots beneath. Behind the rim of the head, along the underside with the tight frenulum, the spot just beneath...

As he's playing his game, each of my little movements and focuses makes him twitch, and jerk, and buck, and gasp, until at one point he sits back, murmurs "hey, be right back" into the mic, then brings his paw down on the back of my head and holds me in place, right there with just the still-hooded head of his shaft between my lips. Here I swirl my tongue around underneath, again and again and again, each cycle giving him a gasp and kick. I can *feel* him getting closer, evident in the way he bucks and twitches, and how his balls hanging off the edge of the chair shift and tug up close to him. Soon he braces both paws along the edge of his desk, presses his footpaws down against the floor, tightens up all over...

...and then just before he finishes, I slip back, flick my tongue over my muzzle, and with one hand pinch his foreskin shut over his head while the other continues rubbing and squeezing at the base. Shekh gasps and jerks again, then bucks, and does so again, and again – and the pressure nearly causes me to lose my grip, but instead each spurt empties out into his caught foreskin and balloons it out from the inside, swelling around his head. He grits his sharp hyena teeth and grunts, fingers now digging into the arms of his chair, but still I hold tight until he sinks back, chest heaving with steady panting.

Only then do I come forward and again wrap my lips around his overhang, and my own fingers in turn – and as soon as I release my grip, all of his load spurts loosely out across my tongue, thick and slick and sticky. The movement of his skin back across his head is smooth and fluid, wet and slimy, and each little movement makes him twitch and shudder and squirm, until another little dribble oozes out the end and along my thumb.

His eyes flash down to my face. Then he licks his lips, looks back to the screen, and taps his keyboard.

"Hey," he says. "Yeah, so, something came up. I'm gonna have to head out for a bit... yeah, I know. I'll probably be on later. Cool." Then he slips his headset off, lets out a slow, tingling sigh, and grins at me. "Alright. Come on. Get up here. It's *your* turn."

wrenquire

The deer gave a little thrust from her hips, then did so again, and again, each one slow and gentle, deliberate so that the seal between her and the hyena sprawled out before and beneath her didn't break. Shekh lay back with his muzzle tilted away and mouth parted open, shaky breaths wafting up every time she pushed forward down against him – and she could feel his arousal and growing pleasure in the steady twitches and throbs of his shaft against her own, the male's head wrapped snug and tight beneath her own foreskin.

Hormones could be a hell of a thing. She smirked and tilted her muzzle to the side a bit, the weight of the antlers still atop her head adding a little extra swing to the movement. At this point in her transition arousal was more of a mental thing than physical, which could grant her a hell of a lot of power in the right situations – such as now, with Shekh squirming around and murmuring apologies for getting too worked, for not being stretchy enough to fit her under his own foreskin, for loving the way that she had licked her finger and dug it around behind the rim of his head while pinching his overhang in place

around it... the deer smirked again and lifted that finger to her lips, skin still bearing a little bit of the delicious glistening musk from there. Boys had *such* a nice smell.

The look on his face, then, when she had drawn back, straightened up over him, and flipped her skirt up and panties to the side, then rested her own shaft alongside his... excitement and interest warming his cheeks, the hyena had looked down to see her, half-hard as big as his full erection. Though between the two of them *he* was the one with full coverage, it wasn't hard at all for Carnelian to angle him up and forward, then reach down, pinch the rim of her foreskin between a finger and thumb, and tug it forward. She had paused then, though, looked from herself to him to his muzzle and back, then shrugged and dove down – and gave him the same treatment with her tongue as she had her finger, intentionally bunching that supple, sensitive skin up over herself while she dug around.

He had gripped and clawed at the sheets then, sensitivity put into overdrive even as she moved slowly and gently underneath. Carnelian had moved back, pinched that little hanging lip of foreskin between her lips, and sucked gently afterwards, then dove down, got him nice and slick and wet, and finally came up to straddle the hyena's thighs, skirt splayed around her. The angle was a little bit strange, but if she braced her arm like *this* and came down at him like *that*, then... his eyes had fluttered open and he'd looked up at her, only to then drift shut again when she pulled the warm, supple stretch of her own foreskin down and around him, nestling him firmly above and slightly to the side of her own head.

Now a carefully wrapped thumb kept her in place over and around his head, and as she thrust gently back and forth, working that hand as she went, she could feel *his* skin inside *hers* as it rolled and slid and pulled, so sleek and sensitive. The deer tilted her head to get a better look at his face as she went, now squeezing her thumb in around his head a little bit tighter, now shifting her fingers underneath his shaft to squeeze and rub there, now pushing in until she felt the root of her skin tighten and tug with the extra occupant.

Every time she licked her lips and swallowed, the male's taste and scent returned to her awareness, caught here along her upper lip and streaked around her mouth. She knew that he bore the same from her, and even as she continued to squeeze and rub and thrust, she watched as he pursed his lips up and swallowed and panted, wanting to draw more from her scent and feel it in his throat and lungs. An exchange, of sorts – here was Shekh, plain and full male, and then Carnelian herself with her scent tweaked and changed by the hormone treatment, her voice altered from long practice and discipline... her *endowment*, so to say, kind of the same yet still different in its own way.

And this boy here just couldn't get enough of her. She sat back on his thighs and unfolded her hand from around the two of them, allowing friction and movement to naturally slip him free from her. Still half-hard, her shaft swung beneath her for a moment while her saliva-slickened skin rolled into its normal position halfway back across her head, showing the sleek pink flesh underneath now glistening with her drool as well as Shekh's, on top of the sticky pre that dribbled out into the fur of his belly. He swallowed again and looked up at her, one paw settling on her waist while the other drifted down to tease and rub at himself, the pad of one forefinger and his thumb clutching the top and underside of his rim to roll it swiftly, easily back and forth, back and forth.

She wasn't done with him yet, though. The deer gave herself a few slow strokes for good measure, testing just how far she had pushed that stretch, then slid her way down his body again, pushed his thighs apart, ran her nose up along the front of his sack, and drew a steady breath along his twitching length, from base to tip and then back down along the top of his head, rolling his slick foreskin back as

she went. And Carnelian grinned, nose brushing against the edge of his head and then wrinkled, overlapping rim of the hyena's foreskin, as she found predominantly her own scent there, with Shekh's own buried far underneath it. Still though, this close to him, with him eager to please and serve...

She couldn't resist. She flicked her eyes up to his muzzle once more, slid her tongue out along the edge of the tight frenulum along the underside, and then rolled that sleek skin back up, up until it bunched against her lips again. By *far*, she wasn't yet done with him.